



# The Girl On The Bicycle



adventure

sci-fi

👁 82 ✓ 15 ★ 8

## Chapter 1 by Skeld

The Analytical Auxiliary Cryovibe Photon-Flooder ,or AACPF if you're impatient, was the most technologically advanced laser- rifle 2110 pooped out. For starters, it was the first gun to ever use an Ion thrust and Plasma blocks.With it's nozzle jacketed with Aluminium oxide, it had nothing to fear...so to speak. It also has a Palladium rim covering and a Chlorine Trifluoride core. With it's ammo being Alpha, Beta and Gamma photons, it can destroy anything. It's also decorated with a micro-missile launcher, you know, just in case you need to blow up a hover-car for funsies. Oh and yeah! it also has a watch, 'cause why not? All in all, it was a weapon meant for overkill.

And it was aimed right at my face.

## Chapter 2 by Laura Frost



Who even uses those things! They should be banned in cities, honestly. Could kill a person, don't you know.

"Hev. no need for that." I smiled. put on my best 'i'm innocent' face. and put my hands in the air.

"Just a harmless citizen on a bike ride, no need for violence!"

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"And the giant bag of money!"

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Observant cop: Great. "Honestly, I have no idea how that got there. None, I swear!"

The cop, who was decked out in full body armor and very shiny, motioned with their over-sized gun towards the wall. I sighed. A few minutes later I was handcuffed and in the back of a police car.

"You know, usually people buy me dinner first." I wiggle my eye brows suggestively.

The cop sighs. "Don't even try it. I'm a professional. Plus, I'm Aro/Ace."

Great. Arrested by a cop who won't even flirt with me. My day is just getting better and better.

## Chapter 3 by Laura Frost



"You need to send someone to get my bike!" That bike is important. More important than these fools know.

"Quit your whining. Name."

"Leia Skywalker."

The cop gives me a withering look. "Your *real* name."

Fat chance. Not like these humans could even pronounce it, anyway. "Alright, alright. My name's Hannah."

"Hannah. What."

I smile, with as much innocence and sincerity as I can muster, and say "Solo."

The cop sighs, long and drawn out, putting her head in her hands. She motions to another cop.

"Book her."

A while later I end up in a cell. Cameras, bars, patrols, concrete. The rare human could escape from here, with the right help, tools, or a healthy dose of luck. Or a mix of the three.

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## Chapter 4 by ArchAngel



First I need to sort out that camera in the corner, so I take a packet of gum from my pocket, chew it all up, flatten it into a sticky discus, aim carefully and toss. It's not impossible, it's like bullseyeing womp rats. It's almost there, almost there... then it sails past the camera and slaps into the wall - Dammit! But I'll give it 10/10 for stickiness, it's not coming down anytime soon.

Okay, for my second attempt I fling my jacket. It sails up, arms trailing behind it, and Hey-Presto Perfect! It's hanging over the camera. Now I need to act fast. I quickly bunch up the mattress and pillow on the cot to make it look like I'm taking a nap.

For my next trick, ladies and gentlemen, I shall be leaving this cell. I'm going to let you in on a little secret, people from my world don't have bones, our skeletons are made from cartilage, making us far more flexible and durable. Did you know 95% of the animals on earth don't have bones? (You can look it up).

I push an arm and a leg between the bars, now for the trickier and less dignified squeezing of the butt. Not my best look, another good reason the camera can no longer see me. Same with my chest. Finally only my head remains. Okay, take a deep breath and squeeze. Yes, I can do this, but it's very uncomfortable, and if you could see this, it might give you nightmares.

## Chapter 5 by Windlion



Clear! It's a twenty meter drop from the window to the ground, easy and quiet.

Love that, the feel of being free. Never could understand how humans stand hiding in these boxes.

I straighten my hair, my skin, my suit. Girl's got to look her best when she's getting away with murder. A tap on my wrist, and the jacket comes flying down to me -- the scanner AI will be fooled by the pillow-me, but the human guard will cotton to my game right away. (Where did those words come from, what is cotton? Strange, humans.)

Now, the bike. And the money.

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Chapter 6 by Artemishine

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I stroll out of the back alley I landed in without a care in the world. Or, at least, I tried to look that way. I was running out of time to get off this rock of a planet. I've got less than a week and I still have a few repairs to manage, unless I want to be stuck riding my bike around this rock.

I'm just going to have to make do with the parts I have, and the parts I can steal easy.

Ducking into the shadow of a walkway, I press myself against a wall. I had the schematics mapped out for this place several months ago, just in case this exact situation came to place. My bike should be in the building up ahead, along with every other vehicle that isn't illegal to own, like a car or any other carbon-spewing metal monster.

I scale the wall with a few quick glances to make sure no one sees, then I press myself through the thin window that no human would ever be able to fit through. It's not a pleasant sensation, but I make it through and drop to the ground.

My bike should be around here somewhere, but the moment my eyes land on it, I realize I've made a terrible miscalculation.

The cop who arrested me is examining my bike. *Was* examining my bike. Now she stares at me, eyes wide in horror. "What *are* you," she whispers, too frozen to move, to reach for her gun. It's one of the few things on this planet that can actually kill me--not that she needs to know that.

"Just a harmless citizen on a bike ride," I say, inching closer. "Someone who got a little lost along the way."

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